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THE Poet's Ramble AFTER RICHES. WITH REFLECTIONS UPON A Country Corporation.

ALSO

The AUTHOR's Lamentation in the Time of ADVERSITY.

By the Author of The Trip to *JAMAICA.*

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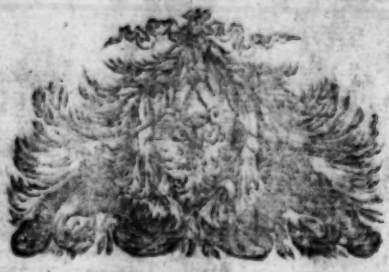

By the Author of The Trip to JAMAICA.

THE AUTHOR's Lamentation in the
TIME of ADVERSITY.
ALSO
CONSTANT CONTENTMENT.

REFLECTIONS
WITH
RICHES.
AND
POOR RAMPLE

PREFACE.

Gentlemen,

TO me there is nothing more Contemptible, than the Applauſe of Fools *or* Flatterers; *and a Reputation gain'd, before it's truly deſerv'd, lay allways beneath my Notice. I here declare my ſelf free from the uſual Vanity of Writers, and will no more thank the World for its Praiſe, then Blame it for its bad Opinion, ſince I neither expect from it what I deſerve, or Covet what I do not Merit. And tho' Nature hath unluckily furniſh'd me with a Scribling Genious, yet nothing ſhould have forc'd it into practice, but the Severe uſage of my blind Stepmother* Fortune, *who hath allways ſhut her Hands T'wards me (as cloſe as her Eyes) from the Diſpoſal of her Bounty. I Envy not her Darlings, ſince ſhe commonly beſtows her Favours upon thoſe who moſt want them, tho' leaſt deſerve 'em,*

For ſhould not Fortune be ſo kind to give
Eſtates to Fools, they'd Starve ere they could Live.
The Pur-blind Jilt, I utterly decline,
And Scorn ſhe ſhould a Miſtreſs be of mine;
Now ſhould ſhe Court me, I'd her Sute refuſe,
And Stallion like, take Penſion of my Muſe.

Obſerving the preſent Age much troubl'd with the Hypochondry, *I have ventur'd of late to endeavour to divert its Melancholy; and Emprick like, Queſtion not with the help of Providence, but in a little time to find ſucceſs.*

I have already Experienc'd what operation my Papers have upon the Publick; ſome they Pleaſe, ſome they Vex, ſome Praiſe 'em, ſome Damn 'em, ſome Treat me, ſome Thank me, Others Threaten me; thus have I made in a Month or two, as much Noiſe in the Town, as if this Seven

Years

Years I had ſcribled Drolls to Bartholomew-Fair, *and had been the Renown'd Author of* Whittingtons-Cat *or* Bateman.

I Queſtion not but in a little time, to raiſe to my ſelf a moſt Wonderful Reputation; and be fam'd amongſt Fools, as much for a Wit, as Jack Adams *of* Clerkenwell, *was amongſt Wits for a Fool; and then I ſhall have this happineſs to be ſet up as an Oracle by every* Beau *and* Booby, *and enjoy the Liberty of talking Nonſenſe, in their Company, with as much Authority as a Church Warden at a Pariſh Feaſt, or a Country Juſtice at a Quarter Seſſions.*

The Main Deſign of this Preface I have hitherto forborn, which indeed, is to take Notice of the Scandalous and Baſe Practice now on foot amongſt ſome Printers, who (having not honeſty enough to live by a Lawful way of Trade) Catch up other Mens Copies as ſoon as they are Publiſh'd, and Cram four or five Sheets into one, ſome left out, the reſt ſo Mangled and full of Faults, that the Senſe in many places is quite Perverted and Unintelligable, to the great abuſe and diſcredit of the Author, the great injury of the Bookſeller, the diſappointment of the Reader, and to the Shame of Themſelves. I therefore uſe theſe meaſures as a meanes to prevent Their further Fraud; and if they deal by me in this, as they have done in other of my Copies, I ſhall oblige them by this Preface, to Record themſelves Knaves *in their own* Letter. *For if they omit this Frontiſpiece in their Counterfeit, I hope but few Perſons will encourage their Piracie; and if they are ſo harden'd in their Villanous practice, as upon this warning not to put a ſtop to their baſe proceedings, I will expoſe them to the World, in the next thing I do, after ſuch a manner as ſuch Drones (who feed upon the Labours of the Induſtrious Bee) ſhall in Strict Juſtice deſerve.*

THE

THE
Poet's Ramble, &c.

I Sing of neither *Hogan Mogan*,
Of Ancient *Greek*, or Truſty *Trojan*;
Or is my Muſe diſpos'd to Babble,
Of ſome ſtrange Antiquated Fable:
In bluſt'ring ſtrains to boaſt or brag on,
How *George* for *England* ſlew the Dragon;
Or do I Sing in flat'ring Phraſes,
Fair *Helen*, or Queen *Dido's* Praiſes:
Or in a whining Cant diſcover,
The Fate of ſome poor ſlighted Lover,
Who Raves and Sighs, Laments and Wanders,
And on diſdainful *Phillis* ponders.
I treat you with a Merry Tale,
Spun o'er a Cup of nappy Ale.
For Cuſtom's ſake excuſe Preamble,
I'll Sing you o'er a *Country Ramble*,
Where I in doleful Cogitation,
Have view'd, with mighty Admiration,
The circled Earth, and miſty Skie,
Where *Fairies* Dance, and *Witches* Fly;
VVith pleaſure hearing harmleſs Wenches,
Complain of *Hags*, and *Fairy* Pinches;
And *Ralph*, with Hands o'er flaming Cow-turd,
Turn Tales and Stories inſide outward;
Where Dames, whoſe pritty Eyes would pierce-ye,
Will turn up Tailes for God have mercy;
And think no greater Obligation,
Than the ſweet tie of Copulation.
But leaſt I tire your kind Complaiſance,
By thus Haranguing on your Patience,

No more bie-Crotchets will I ſcatter,
But come with ſpeed unto the matter.
In an Age Bleſt with no great Plenty,
When *Wit* and *Money* both were ſcanty,
I then, with quiet Mind, poſſeſſing
The *Poets* Ancient Thread-bare Bleſſing,
Lodg'd in a Room (I muſt declare it)
Was call'd, for Lofty ſound, a *Garret*,
Where as I Penſively lay Thinking,
One Morning, after Nights hard Drinking,
Up came a Man with haſty look,
And open'd me his Pocket-Book,
At which my Heart began to fail-me,
I thought of nought but who ſhould Baile-me.
Good Morn (quoth he) *I'm come to tell-ye*
Of an Eſtate of late befall-ye;
Your Grannum *is this Life departed*,
Pleas'd with the News, then up I ſtarted:
And is my Grannum *Dead?* (quoth I)
He anſwer'd me, *Yea verily*,
Thou mayſt believe me without Swearing,
She is as Dead as any Herring.
Well, if the News be True, ſaid I,
Excuſe me that I do not Cry,
Since *'Tis appointed all muſt Die*;
For Grief you know will neither ſave,
Or call Relations from the Grave;
I lug'd on Hoſe, and fell to Dreſſing,
Few Tears let fall, Small Grief expreſſing;
Yet my Heart ak'd, but I proteſt,
Thro' fear the News ſhould prove a Jeſt.
When ready we adjurn'd to Ale-Houſe,
Where Credit ſeldome us'd to fail-us;
And there I made the *Bumkin* Fuddle,
Till muddy Ale had ſeiz'd his Noddle;
And then was forc'd to call two Porters,
To lead the *Lubber* to his Quarters.
My Landlord, as I pas'd the Bar,
Cry'd out, *Who pays the Reck'ning here?*
Said I, pray take it not amiſs,
Remember, I muſt Pay you this.

Said

Said he, *pray to prevent Miſtakes,*
Will you Remember what this makes?
Landlord, let no Ill Thoughts be harbour'd,
I'll ſoon be rub'd from off your Bar-board;
I'll Pay you in a little time;
I doubt, ſays he, *'twill be in Rhime*:
For what ſo e'er we truſt a Poet,
Our Bar for Seven Years may ſhow-it;
And then if Dun'd, all that they ſay-to't,
Poh, that Debt's Cancell'd by the Statute.

From thence I went toth' *City Creſt*,
In *Paſty-nook*, to hire a Beaſt;
Where one I got on Reputation,
To prevent tedious Ambulation:
A pair of Boots then on I Garters,
The Owner ſaid, had been King *Arthur's*;
With Spurs whoſe inlaid Gallantry,
Were Types of great Antiquity.
Girt with a Sword, which in old Wars,
Made many bloody Wounds and Scars,
Whoſe Blade was ſo Experiencive,
Of't ſelf it knew to be Defenſive;
Hung in a Belt of *Baſſlers* Hide,
I think, at leaſt eight Inches wide;
It was good Armour, let me tell-ye,
To Guard from Wounds both Back and Belly.

Thus mounted I my Noble Steed,
In this brave order to proceed;
But by the way, my Muſe' intent-is,
To ſing my Horſes Excellencies,
A ſhort Encomium on his Paces,
With all his Comely Looks and Graces:
Don Quixot's Steed ne'er mov'd ſo Nimble,
VVhen he advanc'd againſt the VVind-mill.
And as for Shape, he far ſurpaſſes,
The Courſer of *Sir Hugh de Braſs's*.
He was, if I am not miſtaken,
As Fat as any *Hock of Bacon*.
He'd all his Ribs, I'll boldly ſwear-on't,
I told 'em, they were ſo apparent.

No

No Curb he needed, whoſe will Ride-him,
Inſtead of that, a Thread wou'd Guid-him.
For this much in his Praiſe I'll ſay,
I never knew him Run Away.
Three Legs he'd Gallop, like a Racer,
But ſtill the Fourth would be a Pacer.
Yet when he Ambled, ſure as cou'd-be,
That ſelf ſame Leg a Trotter wou'd-be.
VVhat Pace ſo e'er he'd into enter,
One Leg would ſtill be a Diſſenter,
VVhich makes me apt to think (Plague Rot-him)
Some Presbiterians Cart-horſe got-him,
VVith VVhip and Spur, he might be beat-up,
Into a *Canterbury* Tit-up.
But then on's knees, he was ſo Humble,
Each other ſtep would be a Stumble.
Then would I Spur, Whip, Curſe, and Mumble,
And he, poor Jade, ſo Groan, and Grumble,
That 'twould have made you Laugh to've Seen-us,
Such work ſome times there was between-us.
He ne'er would Sweat or Tired be,
Confound him, but he Tired me;
Hail, Rain, or Shine, he'd in all VVeather
Trot, Stumble, Gallop, all together;
So Fierce he'd look, when he was Prancing,
VVith Pendant Ears, and Tail Advancing;
And thro' both Thick and Thin wou'd Trudg-it,
As faſt as Aſs, with Tinkers Budg-it,
He'd rarely ſerve ſome Country Parſon,
To Clap his Lazineſs's Ars-on,
Or truly, to exchange my Notion,
He'd finely fit a *Spaniards* Motion,
For VVhip and Spur at any rate,
VVould never make him change his Gate;
Poor *Poet* ne'er was mounted thus,
Sure on ſo Damn'd a *Pegaſus*.
And Madam *Fortune*, ſhe to double,
Like an old Purblind Bitch, my Trouble,
And that my Caſe might be amended,
My little Coin was ſoon Expended.

Thus

Thus on I Travell'd, hey, gee, *Dobbin*,
Exempted from the fear of Robbing,
Till it grew Dark ——
And then, thro' fear of b'ing aſſaulted,
Into an Inn my Prancer Haulted,
With me upon his Back exalted.
Where I put up my Steed i'th' Stable,
Who ſcarce to crawl to th' Rack was able.
Then to look big, I Cock'd my Caſter,
And bid the *Hoſtler* call his Maſter;
Who when he came, cry'd *Welcome Sir*,
You're Welcome into Leiceſter:
Its Pretty cold Sir, d'ye deſire
To warm you by the Kitching Fire.
Here Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, *who's there?*
Pray ſet the Gentleman a Chair.
What News I pray, Good Sir, from London;
I told him now King *James* was Undone,
For that the *French* had made a Peace,
Had turn'd to *Swans* ſome peoples *Geeſe*;
And that the Cath'lick King of *Spain*,
Was Well and Sick, and Well again:
Which if, ſaid I, the News be true,
'Tis very bad, for you know who.
My Hoſt reply'd, *Marry good Speed,*
This is rare dainty News indeed.
Here Thomas *take four Cans and fill 'em,*
E'fack we'll drink thy Health brave William;
And If, Good Sir, you will permit me,
I with a Can, or two will Treat you.
I thank'd him ——
And then undaunted as a Trooper,
I ask'd him what he had for Supper.
He anſwear'd me, rare *Duck* or *Chickin*,
Or *Ribs* of *Beef*, where was good picking,
As Fat and good as Knife could ſtick-in.
In then he call'd his pretty Daughter,
In truth, which made my Chops to water,
That I ſhould ſcarce have made a Scruple,
To've lent her Buttons to her Loophole.
As ſhe came in, to Show her Breeding,
She drop'd a Cur'ſie moſt exceeding.

I roſe and Kiſt her, as I ſhou'd-do,
And gave her Earneſt what I wou'd-do.
With fine white Hands, layd Croſs her Belly,
She look'd ſo Tempting, let me tell-ye;
Her Lips ſo Melting, Soft, and Tender,
They did ſo Sweet a Kiſs Surrender,
That Pego like an upſtart Hector,
Finding how much I did affect-her,
Wou'd fain have Rul'd as Lord Protector:
Inflam'd by one ſo like a Goddeſs,
I ſcarce cou'd keep him in my Codpiſs.
By this time ſhe had brought in Supper,
Then at the Tables-end that's upper,
My *Landlord* ſet his Brawny Crupper;
With Eyes t'wards Heav'n devoutly caſt,
As if it were to be his laſt,
He ſaid a Grace, as I conjecture,
As Long as any Ev'ning Lecture.
His next Oration being then,
Fall on, you're welcome Gentlemen,
Which he had Spoke, but I no ſooner,
Fell on as fierce as a Dragooner;
I Cut and Slaſh'd and Carbonado'd,
The Meat being cold, had ſome Grilliado'd.
VVe ſat not long upon our Haunches,
Ere we had all well ſtuſt our Paunches.
Hiding with's Hat an ugly Face,
My *Landlord* then ſaid after Grace;
And ſo in order to be Drunk,
Each gave the VVord for Drink and Funk.
Then Naſty Cans, well lin'd with Roſin,
VVhere brought us in by the whole Dozen.
An *Alderman* both Grave and VViſe,
Did from his Elbow Chair ariſe,
Plucks off his Hat from his bald Noddle,
And thus t'wards me preſents his Fuddle.
Here honeſt Maſter, here's to thee,
To Englands *Church Proſperitie;*
And he's a Rogue, and he'd maintain-it,
That dare to ſpeak a Word again'-it.
After we'd Cuff'd about our Ale,
And each in's turn, had told his Tale,

The following Point we chance to pitch-on,
(Being half Fuddled) was Religion.
Then one begins, in a great Rapture,
And runs a Gleaning thro' the Scripture,
To prove it moſt Divinely True,
That *Balaam* and his *Aſs* were Two:
At which then I clap'd in a word,
And ſwore by th' L--d, he made the Third.
Then up ſtarts he, in mighty Anger,
And Swore, but that I was a Stanger,
Or elſe he further wou'd contend-on't,
Then bit his Nailes, and there's an End-on't.
Another he breaths forth an Hick-up,
And gravely then begins to ſpeak-up,
That he'd before the World maintain,
Eve Damn'd hereſelf with a Pearmain.
I told him no, 'twas Fruit much *Sweeter*,
Of a more Noble Charming Nature,
That made her Liqu'riſh Chops to water.
At which he skip'd, to make evaſions,
From *Geneſis* to th' *Revelations:*
At laſt to th' Clouds his Fancy toſt-him,
Like Doctor *S---ley* there we loſt-him.
A Third, who being more ſedate,
And ſeem'd not much to care to prate;
Would now and then, by Chance, refine-us,
Some Godly Phraſe, from *Tom Aquinus:*
And then began to tell a *Story*
Of *Limbo*, and of *Purgatory*;
And Quoted much St. *Gregory*.
My *Landlord*, who had long ſat ſilent,
At this poor St. grew very Vi'lent
Saying he was (excuſe miſtaking)
A Popiſh Saint oth' Devils making.
And then rail'd furiouſly on,
Againſt the Whore of *Babylon*.
Telling us many dreadful *Stories*,
Of *Maſſacres*, and *Purgatories*;
And how their Bloody Prieſts would Broil-us,
Stew, Frigaſie, nay Bake or Boil-us;
And were ſo Exqueſit in Evil,
In wicked *Snares* they'd Trap the Devil.

Then

Then one whoſe Argumental Fire,
*S*poke him ſome *Jeſuit* or *Fryer*,
Aroſe and Cry'd, he was a *Roman*,
Profeſs'd the ſame, and valu'd no-man;
He Huffs and Puffs, looks Big and Bluſters,
*S*peaking great Words to m' Hoſt by Cluſters:
And *S*tagg'ring *S*wore, his Brains, being mellow,
*S*t. *Greg'ry* was an honeſt Fellow.
And as for Baking, Boiling, Frying,
He Vow'd to G--d, 'twas all Damn'd Lying.
Then one, a Church Clerk in the Town,
At that ſame Word, began to Frown.
He ſmartly took him up, and ſhort,
Which truly made us pleaſant ſport.
*S*ays he' I'll hold you (*Sir*) a *S*hilling,
I'll prove the *Pope* to be a Villain:
That no ſuch Pow'r to him is given,
With's *Bulls* to Toſs a Man to Heaven.
With that ſuch Noiſe we had a while,
Lowd as the Cataracts of *Nile*:
Each *S*train'd his Lungs, to keep on prating,
No *S*weeter muſick at Bear-baiting:
Noiſe, thro' the whole *S*ociety, went
For th' better part of Argument.
He that Bawl'd lowdeſt, we all cry'd
Had the moſt Reaſon on his ſide.
The one he made a lowd Oration,
Thumping the Table, 'n Vindication
Oth' *Pope*, and Tranſubſtantiation.
At which the Pſalmiſt grew ſo angry,
He roar'd like one perplex'd with *S*trang'ry.
A laſt, being raiſed (thro' indignation)
To th' higheſt pitch of Diſputation,
Each Learned Point, to tell you truly,
Ended in You-ly *S*ir, and You-ly.
Thus Fir'd by heat of Argument,
The Diſputants to Boxing went;
That Blows might give Determination,
To their deep Point in Diſputation.
To it they fell, and Bang'd each other,
Amidſt the *Spittle*, *Spew* and *Smother*.

The

The Pipes and Noggins flew about;
And Candles ſoon were all put out;
Whilſt I at diſtance ſtole away,
Not Caring for the heat oth' fray,
Yet ſtood where I cou'd ſee fair play.
For Poets (tho' they oft by Writing
Breed Quarrels) ſeldom care for Fighting.
Both Spur'd with Honour, in Bravado,
Each boldly ſtood the Baſtinado.
One Scratch'd and Claw'd, like any *Ferret*,
Laſt' t'other gave him ſuch a wherret,
Who b'ing aſtoniſh'd at the Cuff,
Cry'd out, *O L---d I have enough.*
The mighty Conqu'rer then ſat down,
With torn Clothes and broken Crown.
His Victim from the Ground aroſe,
Firſt blow'd, and then he wip'd his Noſe;
Which truly much reviv'd the Noddy,
To find 'twas *Snotty*, more than Bloody.
The *Clerk*, who ſtood in Vindication
Of *Englands* People, Church, and Nation,
With painful threſhing let us ſee,
How he could Maul down *Popery*.
When the ſmart Combate thus was ended,
And the *Clerks* Courage much commended,
To make the Champions both amends,
We all agreed they ſhould be Friends,
Provided they would each be willing,
On that Account, to ſpend a Shilling.
They all ſwear'd yes, if it were Ten,
And ſo Shook hands, like honeſt Men.
The *Tapſter* we began to call-on,
To fill the Jug that held a Gallon.
Who ſhould ſtep'd in, from out the gate-way,
But our Church-*Ceſar's*, *Cleopatra*;
Who Ent'ring in a mighty Paſſion,
Gave her great Lord this Salutation.
You Rogue, you Raſcal, are you not
A Silly, Sorry, Saphead Sot,
To thus ſit huging of a Pot;
And let your poor young Infants mutter,
At home, for want of Bread and Butter?

You'll find, you Beast, your Guzzling Ale,
Will one day bring you to a Goale.
Be Judge your self, would it not vex-one,
To see how handsomly the Sexton
Maintains his Wife and family,
In all her Silks and Bravery:
When I, 'tis well known, since my Marriage,
Have wanted Bread to Crumb my Porrage,
And you that are the Clerk *o'th' Parish,*
In Ale (you Sot) to be so Lavish?
I will appeal, is't not a hard thing,
No one will Trust-us for a Farthing?
Nay don't you Grin, and thus perplex-me,
I Vow to gad, if once you vex-me,
You know I shall not be afraid,
To fling the Flaggon at your Head.
You're a fit Man to say God's Word,
You say Amen, you say a Turd.
These practices you know are Evil,
You Clerk to th' Church, you Clerk to th' Devil.
Rise and come home, or by my Soul,
I'll split your Noddle with the Bowl.

The Noddy fear'd to disobey,
Arose, took leave, and went away.
The rest, as well as he, God-wot,
Be'ng Govern'd by the Petticoat,
Fearing their Wives, in Indignation,
Should blow up our Association,
With Sparkling Eyes, and Flaming Noses,
They all reel'd home to their dear Spouses;
Leaving my Host and I to prate,
Of some Affaires concerning State.
Says he, *What if the King of Spain*
Should die, I pray you Sir, what then?
Why then, said I, to tell you true,
The Lord knows what will then ensure,
To the Great Good, of God knows who.
Then one Man very Great will grow,
Another Tumble down as low.
The same thing as it was you know,
About a Hundred Years ago,
Which *Bakers* Chronicle will Show.

Truly, ſays he, *'tis mighty ſtrange,*
Lord ſend us then a better Change.
By this time we were got ſo Fudled,
That both our Brains, in truth, were addled.
Thus like true Sots, we neither ſtarted
Till Drunk, and ſo to Bed departed.
A drowſie Tike, who born far *North*,
From Chimny Corner, then ſtep'd forth:
His bunch of Keys begins to handle,
And kindles up a Farthing Candle.
Then rubs his Eyes, and ſcratches Head,
And lights me, blund'ring, up to bed;
Into Room, not Large, but Little,
Well lin'd with *Cobwebs*, *Dirt*, and *Spittle*;
Where ſev'ral Buggy-Beds ſtood up,
As Cloſe as Looms in Weavers Shop.
Where Snoaring in black Shirts there lay-men,
Whoſe Sweaty Toes, Stunk worſe then Dray-men,
Ad's-wounds, ſaid I, you Rogue you Dog,
Why what do'ſt take me for a Hog,
A Pedlar, Drover, or a Carman, —— ſir
To here Pig in, amongſt ſuch Vermin?
Pray know, you Raſcal, you're miſtaken,
I feed not upon Ruſty Bacon.
I do believe thou think'ſt to day,
I'm got thus Drunk with *Curds* and *Whey*.
Shew me, you *Whip-ſhire, Northern Clown*,
His Worſhips Room, with bed of down,
Kep'd lock'd agin he comes to Town,
Or I ſhall crack your addled Crown.
Per Lady, Sir, (quo' he) *by th' Maſs*,
Iſe ſhow you that, 'tis all a Geſe,
For if his Worſhip comes to morrow:
He's do the like, the mere's my ſorrow:
Marry Lig there, or where it pleas-ye,
God take me Sir, Iſe no ſike Niſey,
To ſtand a drub, I can delay,
As weell untill another day.
With this my Lank-hair'd Chamber Groom,
Convey'd me to a Noble Room.
Wherein all Night I Slept and Snor'd,
Spew'd, Belch'd, and Farted, like a Lord,

Waking

Waking i'th' Morning very dry
(Drunk over night, the Reaſon why)
I thump'd and roar'd like any Dragon,
Till quench'd my Drought, with double Flaggon.
Then 'roſe (and that which made me Titter)
As ſtiff as Stone-Horſe from his Litter;
For merry Wifes will ſay by ſtealth,
It is a Noble Sign of Health;
Altho' aſham'd to let us here-em,
Leſt we, unlucky Wags, ſhould Jear-em.
My Obſolete Accouterments,
Disfigur'd much with Holes and Rents,
I then put on, my Tilter hanging
Like *Beau*, of very ancient ſtanding.
Then with a bold, not brazen Face,
Did to my Hoſt make known my Caſe.
In down right Words (t' avoid ſuſpicion)
I open'd plain my *Job*'s Conditon.
My Landlord grind, ſcratch'd, hum'd, and haw'd,
And then his Fingers-ends he knaw'd,
Replying thus ——

To me you know, Sir, you're a Stranger,
And yet I hope there is no Danger,
But that your Moneys and your Lands,
Will quickly come into your hands;
And then, I pray Sir, when you can,
Take care to prove an Honeſt Man.
Since tis, as tis, all I can ſay
You're Welcome, tho' you cannot Pay.

Tho' he ſpoke fair, I knew he Ly'd,
What his Tongue ſaid, his Looks deny'd.
How e'er I gave him Thanks for Anſwer,
And ſo beſtrid my Noble Prancer,
Who having Cruſt and Ale devour'd,
Cock'd Tail, and like a Dragon ſcowr'd.

To my Atourney then I rod,
To ask of him how matters ſtood,
Who told me *Grannys* Will (in fine)
Was made quite oppoſite to mine:
That my Pretenſions all were nought,
For ſhe had given ev'ry Groat,

To

To 'er Daughter *Doll*, who liv'd ith' Houſe,
And had not left poor *Ned* a Souſe.
This baulk'd my hopes of being Rich,
And made me Scratch, where't did not Itch.
No Money left (thought I) O ſad,
Or Credit either, that's as bad:
A glander'd, tired, founder'd Horſe,
Ads-heartly-wounds, thats worſe and worſe;
Was ever Wretch beneath this Curſe?
I ask'd the Scribe to lends a Guinea,
He Snees'd, and Cry'd he had not any;
I fell t' a Crown, and then he ſwore,
He'd pay'd it all but Juſt before;
No borr'wing P--t--ls of a Whore.
My Nag and I, then turn'd our Arſes,
And breath'd out in Revenge, theſe Curſes.
The Gout afflict thy Hands and Toes,
And may thy Reins be always Froze;
May'ſt thee be Plagu'd with Cough all Night,
And Hard-bound when thou go'ſt to S--
Thus Jade and I, for want of Pence,
Became the Care of Providence,
Who brought us ſafely up to Town,
But Poor as when we firſt went down.
Poets, I find, In ſpight of Fate,
Are never to be Rich or Great:
There wealthy ſtore conſiſt in Thought,
Born never to be worth a Groat.
Heav'ns will ſhall ne'er want my conſent,
What e'er's my Lot, I'll be Content;
And bear with Patience, what I cant prevent.

Reflections on A Country Corporation.

THE Town's an ancient Corporation,
Where Women hold a Tolleration,
For Univerſal Copulation.

Of what Degree ſo e'er, or Function,
The Females never want Conjunction,
So great's their Love t'wards Human Unction.

Adultery and Fornication,
Are practic'd thro' the Corporation,
As proper means for Generation.

Cuckolds and Miſers here are plenty,
Many Mechanicks, and few Gentry,
Whoſe Bags are full, and Sculls are empty.

There Juſtices, to Speak the Beſt-on,
Are Country 'Squires, the People Reſt-on;
But Fools enough you need not Queſtion.

Honeſt Men precious are as Rubies;
Their *May'rs* Succeſſivly are Boobies,
And *Aldermen* great Brawny Loobies.

The Top oth' Town are *Petty-Foggers*,
The Mean, are *Mercers* and *Corn-Jobbers*,
The Loweſt, Common *Whores* and *Robbers*.

As for Religions, there are many
Profeſt, but few that Practice any;
They'll deny G-d to gain a Penny.

The Puny ſort, are kind of Franticks,
Who Pray and Prate on Stools like Anticks,
Follow'd by Spirit'al Pedanticks.

Yea and *Nay's* their Communication,
Swearing they hold's Abomination,
But *Whoring*, as a ſmall Tranſgreſſion.

They Cackle Doctrine by the Spirit,
Who lies, and ſays they ſhall Inherit
A Heavenly Kingdom, by their Merit.

For all their Canting, Pious prating,
And Godly Humming, at Their Meeting,
Their Conſcience let's them live by Cheating.

Next theſe, there are two Leaving Factions,
Who rule the Roaſt, at all Elections,
And with delight brew State Diſtractions.

Theſe are the Godly Tribes we Read-off,
Who cut the *Royal Martyrs* Head-off;
Theſe are the Rogues Old-Nick has need-off.

So

So Fix'd their Principles ne're alter;
So Honeſt, Each deſerves a Halter;
So Learn'd, ſcarce one can Read his Salter.

Tis true, the Paſtors of the Zealous,
Such Doctrins will in Tub Reveal-us,
You'd think twas Magick from *Cornelius*.

At ſuch Deep Notions they'll be reaching,
That all the tedious hours they're Teaching,
You'd think them *Conjuring*, not *Preaching*.

Their Lawyers too, by Gods great Mercy,
Enough of Latin can Rehearſe-ye,
To fill up *Noverint Univerſi*.
To give more ample Definition,
Of theſe, the Sowers of Sedition,
We'll do't by way of Suppoſition.

They th' benefit oth' *Clergy* needing,
I doubt but few, for all their pleading,
Could ſave their Necks by their right Reading.

The Chief of theſe the Town relys-on,
And thinks he is a very Wiſe-one,
But Honeſt, as their Fat *Exciſe-man*.

If all the Tribe were *Fools*, what then?
They may be *Wiſer*, God knows when;
But *Cuckolds* ſtill, Wives ſay, Amen.

The Authors Lamentation.

A Shirt I have on, Little better than none.
In Colour much Like to a Cinder,
So Thin and ſo Fine, it is my deſign,
To preſent it the Muſes for Tinder.

My blew Fuſtian Breeches, ſo faln in the Stiches,
You may ſee what my Legs have between 'em,
My Pockets all four, I'm a Son of a Whore,
If a Devil a Penny be in 'em.

A Hat I have on, which ſo Greaſy is grown,
It Remarkable is for it's Shining,
One ſide is ſtitch'd up, ſtead of Button and Loop,
But the Devil a bit of a Lining.

My Coat it is Turn'd, with the Lappets Piſs-burn'd,
So out at the Arm-pits and Elbows;
That I look as Abſurd, as a Seaman on board,
Who has lain half a Year in the Bilboos.

I have Stockins 'tis true, but the Devil a Shoe,
I am forc'd to wear Boots all weathers,
Till I've broke me Spur-Rowls, and Damn'd my boot Souls,
And Confounded the Upper-leathers.

My Beard is grown long, as Hogs briſtles, and ſtrong,
Which the Wenches ſo woundily ſtare at,
The Colour is Whey, mix'd with Orange and Grey,
With a little ſmall ſpice of the Catrot.

I have a Long Sword, you may 'eak't on my word,
For the Blade is a Toledo truſty,
The handle is bound, with a black Ribbon round,
And the Basket-hilt damnable ruſty.

O had you but ſeen, the ſaid ſtate I was in,
You'd not find ſuch a Poet in Twenty,
I'd nothing that's full, but my Shirt and my Scull,
For my Gutts and my Pockets were empty.

As true as I Live, I have but one Sleeve,
Which I wear in the room of a Cravat,
In this plight I wait, to get an Eſtate,
But the Devil knows when I ſhall have it.

A

F I N I S.